

1892.

VOLUME XX.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 27, 1892.

NUMBER 513

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THE NEW DEPARTURE.

Her Father: I BELIEVE YOU WISH TO SPEAK TO ME ABOUT MARRYING MY DAUGHTER?

Her Adorer: YES—WHAT ARE YOUR HABITS, SIR? AND I ALSO WISHED TO INQUIRE CONCERNING THE AMOUNT OF MONEY YOU SAVE EACH YEAR, AND TO ASK IF YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE ME HAPPY.

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"HE IS WAITING FOR ME."

From "Sweet Bells Out of Tune."
MRS. BURTON HARRISON has written a new novel of New York society, which is said to be a wonderfully realistic and clever story, even excelling in interest her famous novel, "The Anglonomiacs." The Century has secured it, and it will begin in the November number. "Sweet Bells Out of Tune" opens with a fashionable wedding. The Metropolitan Opera House, the "smart set" and their sayings and doings, are faithfully reflected, and the pictures by Charles Dana Gibson are as brilliant as the story. The London Chronicle now considers Mr. Gibson's work superior to that of Du Maurier, Punch's great cartoonist.

The November Century will be ready on Tuesday, November 1. It will contain T. Sullivans Tailor's article on "Road Coaching up to Date," fully illustrated, a capital story by Brander Matthews, "The New Member of the Club," etc., etc. The account of an American girl's experiences in Paris at the time of the Commune is a "feature" of the number. A large first edition will be printed. Everybody will read "Sweet Bells Out of Tune."

SMALL CHANGE.

HOLDING a dainty hand,
As 'neath the stars we
strayed,
The tale I told
That ne'er grows old,
Of a love too deep to fade.
That was some weeks ago.
To-night again I stand,
And tell once more
The tale of yore—
As I hold a dainty hand.

*Then it was Miss Carlisle's;
'Tis Mrs. White's to-night.
But, just the same,
I'm not to blame,
For, to tell the truth, I'm White.*

J. Cheever Goodwin.

CHOLERA: Haven't I been a great help to you newspaper people?

EDITOR: Well I fancy honors are easy.

"**Y**OU look run down, old man." "Yes. I have not yet recovered from my summer vacation."



AUTUMN LEAVES.



*Old Uncle Eph, the janitor (as he strikes an unfinished pastel):
MY LAWD-A-MASSEY ! PEAH'S LIKE I'SE A DOIN' SUMP'N I HAINT
ORTER. DE MO' I RUB DIS ONE, DE MO' DUS' I KIN GIT OFF'N IT.*

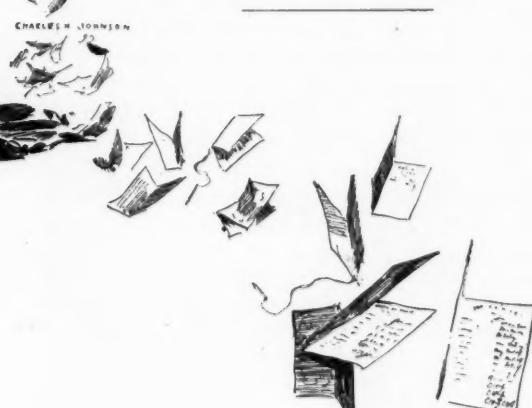
"**W**HAT did Waite say that mortally offended Miss Fithave?"

"Why, just after her fruitless visit to Europe he had the temerity to allude to her as a peerless creature."

BINGER: Have any luck out shooting?

WINGER: Well, I shot one duck.

BINGER: You must have had luck.





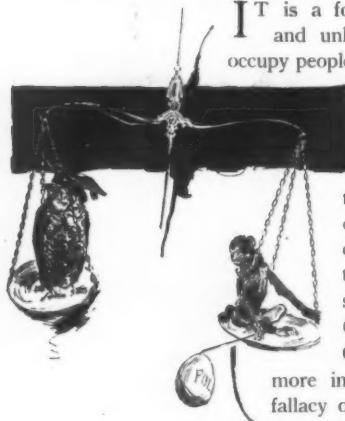
"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XX. OCTOBER 27, 1892. NO. 513.
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Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

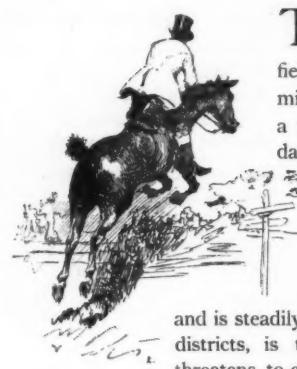


IT is a fortnight yet before election, and unless something happens to occupy people's attention it is likely that a good deal of it will turn to politics and the issue of the new deal. During the last week political interest, though still far from boisterous, has perceptibly quickened, and scarier headlines than heretofore have preceded stormier allegations of Mr. Cleveland's antipathy to the Celt and the old soldier, and more impassioned exposures of the fallacy of McKinley's idea that it is the foreign manufacturer who pays the duties extorted by his blessed tariff. No doubt there is activity in the canvass that does not show, but the surface is curiously placid as compared with other years. It may be a mistaken impression, but the voters this year seem to run less than usual to murmurous shallows and more to dumb deeps, and inasmuch as when the dumb deeps do speak they are apt to speak with a roar, there is more or less expectation that when the outcome does come it will be decisive. Certainly, if all the voters who are lying low and making no noise vote the same way, someone will be very thoroughly elected. And that is about as near a prophecy as any prudent person seems inclined just now to venture.

* * *

THE summer girl, though somewhat belated by the exigencies of pictorial journalism, seems at length to have come permanently in out of the wet sea, and hung up her dripping garments in the retirement of the bath-house. It looked at one time as if the regard in which she is held by an affectionate public might necessitate the continuance of her

natatory exploits in furs. This danger being happily averted, we may look for her recurrence through the fall and winter in the attractive abbreviations of the skirt-dancer, whereby the interest of her friends in her pleasing extremities will be sustained.



and is steadily on the increase in our rural districts, is the single circumstance that threatens to check the development of fox-hunting as a prevalent American sport.



WHAT a comprehensive pity the Chicagoan who witnessed our recent night festivities must have had for New York! To come from the present and prospective glories of his own city to sit through the weary old chestnuts that were served up in this town was probably a surprise to him. But there is a lesson in it, and that lesson is a knowledge of what to avoid. Chicago will not have a mile of bicyclists, for one thing, nor such flimsy floats, nor such hours of waiting, nor such mournful electrical displays. It was all so com-

monplace and so cheaply theatrical that many citizens crawled away to their homes in very shame. It is no compliment to Chicago to say she will do better. No American village could do worse. But the most outrageous feature of the entire celebration was the wholesale swindling of ticket holders. Ushers at grand stands sold the seats over again, and when the first purchasers appeared, they were told their tickets were not good. This was carried on throughout the city to an incredible extent. One gentleman, with his wife and mother, had bought six seats. He found them all occupied and the usher refused to give the places. This is one of innumerable cases. In all human probability none of these ushers will be punished. The fact that they dared to do what they did throws a trying light on our municipal condition.

It is well for the World's Fair it is to be in Chicago and not here.



"THE TIME HAS COME THE WALRUS SAID,
TO TALK OF MANY THINGS.
OF SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING-WAX
OF CABBAGES AND KINGS."

THE prolonged celebration of Columbus may not give that defunct person much pleasure, but it is greatly profitable to the decorator's and contributory trades. Besides, it's worth all it costs in kindling a patriotic spirit in some breasts that have to be appealed to with brass bands.

IT is not strange perhaps that so many of our diplomats find urgent business at home when a Presidential election is coming on. With Mr. Patrick Egan, in particular, it is most important that he should do all he can to re-elect Mr. Harrison.

PENNSYLVANIA justice will now proceed to get in her fine work on the Homestead people. *Fiat justitia ruat Carnegie.*

HAVING sufficiently celebrated Columbus, Uncle Sam will now make up his mind whether he will discharge his present servants and take in new ones, or go on house-keeping with the same old outfit.



EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE
WITH A VENGENCE.



OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

CONTRIBUTORS to this fund sent two thousand eight hundred and seventy-one children to the country during the last Summer. Each child remained a fortnight, was well nourished, and had a clean bed.

The benefit and pleasure given to these children are the only dividends LIFE declares on this investment. We thank you for your hearty co-operation, and the liberality that enabled us to do this good to those who were so much in need of it.

Total Receipts	\$10052.58	Expenses at LIFE'S Farm. \$2011.80
Less accounts outstanding, Nov. 1st. \$66.50		Board at other places ... 4899.00
Doctor's bill, '91... 31.00	97.50	Rent 300.00
	\$10855.08	Pay roll 1286.44
	9397.24	
Balance to next year.. \$1457.84		\$9397.24

Number of children sent to the country:

To LIFE'S Farm ..	1165
To Flemington.....	882
To Hightstown.....	665
To Wilton.....	134
To Darien.....	25
Total.....	2871



THE POEMS OF MISS ALDRICH.

THE sympathy which naturally arises for a gifted young woman who died at the age of twenty-six is not needed to call out full appreciation for "Songs about Life, Love and Death" (Scribner) by Anne Reeve Aldrich. The author had fully arranged for the publication of the volume before her fatal illness. The poems are, therefore, not to be judged in the light of a memorial volume, but as her own choice of her best work with which to appeal to that part of the public which knows and reads poetry. She surely would have wished no one to read her verses because of her pathetic death, but because the poetry is genuine.

This quality of sincerity is insistent in every line. You feel that she would have no veil of words between her emotion and your apprehension of it. That is why these compact lines cut into your consciousness, and almost sting. You will wince under her mere expression of that emotion which she has endured with a kind of stoicism. It is the terrible directness of communication between her nerves and yours which is the strength of these poems, and which, at the same time, makes some of them painful.

The impression which the volume makes is of a flower-like poet nature, sensitive to Color, Fragrance, Music, Love. There is so much in life that is not in accord with these, and therefore the poet is never quite at home in his environment. His songs are the outcry of an imprisoned spirit. "The invisible bolts and bars," which Hawthorne felt, are part of the equipment of every poet's home. After all, perhaps, it is only an intensification of the thirst for life which everyone feels. No day, no place, no circumstances can quite give all those phases of life which the body, mind and spirit of a sane nature are attuned to enjoy; therefore, the sense of imprisonment to which the poet gives a voice. Miss Aldrich puts it in the lines:

"Once more, O let me hear once more
The passion and barbaric rage!
Let me forget my exile here,
In this mild land, in this mild age;
Once more that unrestrained wild cry
That takes me to my Hungary!"

* * *

WHEN you understand this restless eagerness, and the inevitable disappointment, gliding into resignation and fatalism, you have

the key to the moods of these poems. The vitality of the poetry is shown in the vividness with which each mood is reproduced. Every sense is alive, and the mood becomes a picture, as in these lines from "A Summer Morning."

"Beneath my window sleep the long gray streets,
Still in the heated heaven shines one star.
The ashen light grows whiter in its strength,
And though still haunted, O, to be afar,
Where morning mists are brooding on some lake,
Or on a cool and silvered stretch of lawn!
An outcast in the street below lifts up her face.
The incarnation of this city dawn."

There is no accident about the felicity of these lines, merely as verse making. It takes more than an ear for melody, and an aspiration to express vague feelings, to make verses throb with color and feeling. The same sort of power is shown in "Homesickness," beginning with the beautiful picture of the seashore—

"O take me back to those low-lying lands
I used to love. I want that inlet's tide
That runs out moaning 'twixt the yellow fields
To where the shimmering blue is rippling wide."

But the crown of this poet's art to blend a mood and a picture is surely to be placed on that daring experiment in irregular rhythm entitled "A Photograph of the Square"—a poem which is intensely modern in form and color, alive to the fascinations of a great city, with an understanding of its very heart :—

"See the crush of colors through the bright café windows yonder:
See the laughter and food, the faces, the pink and white women:
Then the gamut of passions struck out of different faces
Here in the blur of the streets, as the drops of blood course by you
In the white electric glare or the yellow flood from the street lamps."

* * *

AND yet, in spite of the poets, life is not an imprisonment and its true expression a cry of pain. Years would no doubt have brought to this poet, as it has done to others, an outlook of more serenity. Like Renan, the wholesome man will at the end "thank the cause of all that is good for the charming excursion it has been given me to take through reality."

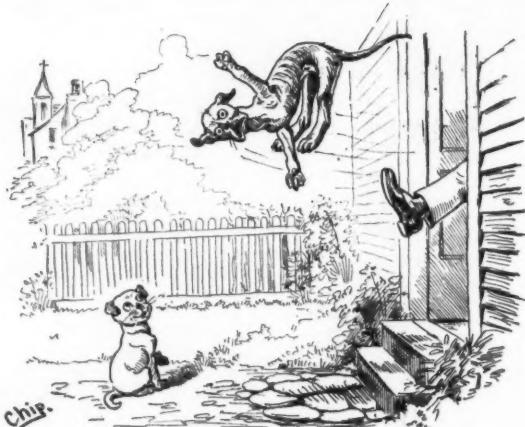
Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

ESSAYS IN MINIATURE. By Agnes Repplier. New York: Charles L. Webster and Company.

Lorelei and Other Stories. By Mary J. Safford. St. Paul: The Price-McGill Company.

Under Pressure. By the Marchesa Theodoli. New York: Macmillan and Company.



Pup: HELLO, DAD, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU SEEM PUT OUT.

DURING A LIVELY
DEBATE.

FIRST SPEAKER: I think my opponent knows more about things that are not so than any man I ever heard.

OPPONENT: Well, I think the speaker knows less about things that are so than any man I ever saw.

BUTTONS.

MRS. CARPER (*fretfully*): Another button to sew on? It is sew on buttons and sew on buttons and sew on buttons from morning till night.

MR. CARPER (*calmly*): My dear, you ought to have married a rattlesnake.

BY EASY STAGES.



St. Peter: HERE IS YOUR RECORD.

Fair Spirit: WHY, ST. PETER, THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG! IT IS FILLED MY RECORD WITH THE MOST HORRIBLE PROFANITY, AND I NEVER UTTERED A BAD WORD IN MY LIFE.

St. Peter: THE RECORDING ANGEL DOES NOT UNDERSTAND ENGLISH, MY DEAR MADAM. HE COULD ONLY PUT DOWN WHAT YOU FELT.

MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

MR. TEXTLY: My dear old friend, I am shocked and grieved to notice that the destroying angel has visited your home.

OLD BONDER: What do you mean?

MR. TEXTLY: I was alluding to that band of crape which you are wearing.

OLD BONDER (*looking at his hat*): Jeewillinkens! I must have traded hats with that fellow in the barber shop.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

WE strolled upon the beach one eve,
'Twas in the month of June.
The summer wind was soft and sweet,
And brightly shone the stars.

We sat us down beneath the bluff,
Upon the soft white sand;
No human creature was in sight,
—I held her little shawl.

Her face was very fair to see
As up she gazed above;
And as my arm stole round her waist,
I told her of my debts.

She turned her lovely eyes to mine,
And down I bent and kissed her;
And strange as it may sound to you,
She said she'd be my wife.

I. W. Walter.

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK.



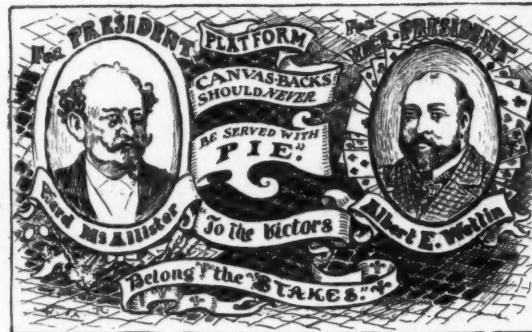
OCTOBER 26TH, 1872.

NATIONAL CAT SHOW OPENED AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.



OCTOBER 29TH, 1618.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH BEHEADED.



LIFE'S TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
WARD MCALLISTER,
OF NEW YORK AND NEWPORT.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
ALBERT E. WETIN,
OF WALES.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

THE excitement is now at fever heat. Those good citizens and patriots who wish to see the old parties buried in the oblivion their corruption deserves are sending us money by the bushel. "Go thou and do likewise!"

THE speech made by the head of our ticket to the voters living in the neighborhood of Paradise Park was impressive in its simplicity and of telling truths. We append a few quotations from this noble effort:

"As for this great American people, it can truly be said that they have never for one instant swerved from that sacred institution of their forefathers—pork and beans."

"Columbus discovered America, it is true, but to me accrues the higher glory of being the humble instrument in the hands of Providence to discover the Four Hundred."

"Our opponents are trying in vain to boost upon the people of the country such false issues as the Tariff and the Force Bill. But they will not succeed. These trivial matters fade into insignificance beside the momentous question involved in cooking a canvas-back thirteen or fifteen minutes."

"No man should be eligible to the United States Senate who can not trace his genealogy back at least one generation."

"Let pigs eat pie."

"The wearing of a high hat with a sack coat should be declared high treason, punishable with death."

THE Hon. Josiah Winterbottom, Road Commissioner for the town of Jones Centre, N. H., called on us yesterday. He has carefully felt the political pulse of his district and assures us that all three votes will be cast for our candidates. After borrowing five dollars from the campaign fund he departed in the direction of the Democratic Campaign Committee's Headquarters.

TWO ladies with spectacles, horse-hair side curls and black reticules called to see us Monday, animated with an ambition to draw salaries as the officers of a Women's Auxiliary McAllister and Wetin Association. We were forced to decline this proposition because we are assured that Wyoming is solid for the ticket, and women elsewhere have no votes. Besides this the visiting statesmen are drinking a good deal of champagne at our office, and we have to be economical with the campaign fund.

IT is rather difficult to explain just by the use of words how a cross-eyed man can look pleasant.



A TASTE OF BLISS.

Adonis Flathers (to organist): MY YOUNG LADY WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU CAN GRIND HER OFF A CENT'S WORTH OF SOME FASHIONABLE WEDDING MARCH? YOU SEE, WE ARE GOING TO GET MARRIED IN ABOUT SEVENTEEN YEARS, AND WE'D LIKE TO HEAR WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE now!

HER FORM WAS HER FORTUNE.
SHE had no fortune, the maiden I sought,
'Twas her beautiful form which drew me;
And thus, though as poor as a mouse, she
brought
A handsome figure to me.

A UNANIMOUS SENTIMENT.

THEY were in a prohibition State at the time.

"What will you take?" remarked the Governor of South Carolina to the Governor of North Carolina.

"I think I'll take a train for home," replied the Governor of North Carolina, and the Governor of South Carolina joined him.

NO TROUBLE ABOUT THAT.

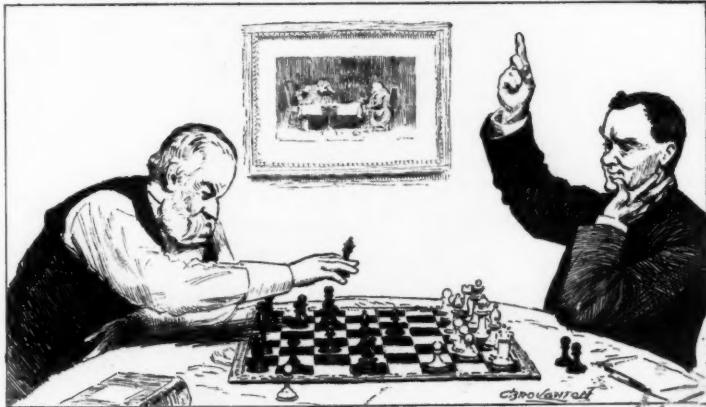
EDITOR: Yes; I'd like to sell you my paper.

STRANGER: I'd like to buy it, sir, but I don't know how to manage one.

EDITOR: That doesn't matter. Your subscribers will tell you all about that.

HE: Babbler always winds up those wonderful yarns of his with,
"Truth is stranger than fiction."

SHE: Very likely it is—to him.



"WE DOCTORS HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF YOU CLERGYMEN; WE PRACTICE WHILE YOU ONLY PREACH."

"VERY TRUE; WE CAN ONLY TELL PEOPLE TO GO TO HEAVEN, BUT YOU SEND THEM THERE."

• L E •



FROM A SUMMER SKETCH

SOME TYPES ONE SEES IN THE RAILROAD

L E .



SUMMER SKETCH BOOK.

SCENES IN THE RAILWAY CARRIAGES.



He: YOUR CHAPERON IS NOT VERY WATCHFUL.

She (absently): BUT YOU SHOULD SEE HER WHEN THERE'S A MAN IN MY VICINITY.

"EDITORS never send my verses back," said Rimer, proudly.

"You neglect to enclose stamps, I suppose," replied Miss Cawker.



A CASE OF SHAM PAIN.

CURB YOUR CONVERSATION.

WE learn from the *Washington Star* that according to Life Insurance Statistics commercial travelers and agents live longer than men in any other kind of business, notwithstanding the hazards which attend transportation by rail and water. Next to them come dentists, teachers, and professors, including music teachers, then hatters, clergymen, and missionaries. The last may occasionally furnish food for untutored savages, but they are a first-rate risk nevertheless. Next come bankers and capitalists, who seem to live just a trifle longer than butchers and marketmen. Lawyers and jewelers follow, and they are succeeded on the list by merchants, peddlers, milkmen, and pawnbrokers. Then come gardeners, laborers, civil engineers, and canvassers. Newspaper men do not live so long as any of those just mentioned. Even bookkeepers and bank cashiers, as well as artists and architects, are ahead of them. They come in next with the printers, physicians and gentlemen who are not engaged in any active employment. Then follow the apothecaries and photographers, and after them in order, bakers, cigar-makers, real estate agents, army officers and soldiers, liquor dealers, mariners, and naval officers. Shortest lived of all seem to be the auctioneers, boarding-house keepers, barbers and drivers.

There is a lesson in this.

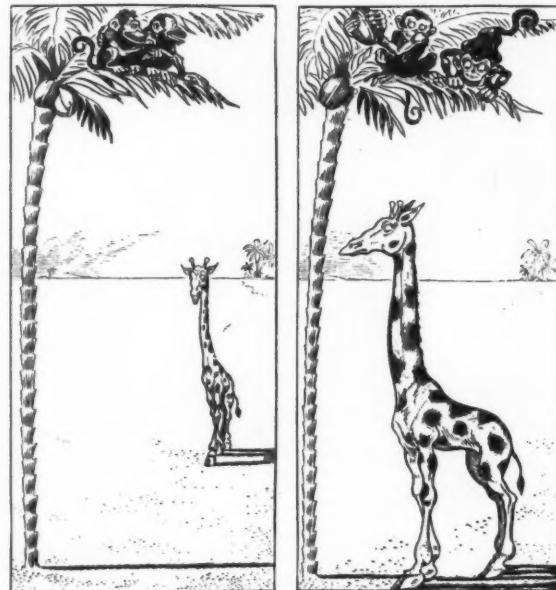
It is without doubt the too vigorous "chinning" of the auctioneer that shortens his life, for the boarding-house keeper, barber and driver have more wearing work and greater exposure. Let these statistics be a warning to those who have too great a love for the music of their own voices.

Why not put the auctioneer's hammer in the hands of the gentler sex? Talking, for them, is not a fatigue, but an invigorating exercise. The dear things would live all the longer, while a more silent occupation would enable the failing auctioneers to renew their grip on health and longevity.

SHE: Why do you never take me to the theatre, George?

HE: Mabel, you certainly do not expect me to spend my hard borrowed cash for theatre tickets, do you?

THE WICKED MONKEYS AND THE SMART GIRAFFE.



THE INVENTOR OF A SYSTEM.

TOM RONDO'S little book of poems had proved a success. All the critics praised it lavishly, except one whose paper got no advertising from Tom's publisher.

Even the *Literary Era* said : "The high standard of composition is well sustained, the sentiment is delightful, and the technique faultless. The volume contains an unexpected treat for which Mr. Rondo's fugitive pieces had not prepared us."

Another authority remarked : "There is not a poor poem in the book ; every page bears some bright, original thought, or some harmonious burst of melody, to redeem it from mediocrity."

The daily press also published scattered items about it, less elaborately worded:

"Scents from Lotos Land, by Thomas Rondo, is now in its 18th edition."

"Mr. Rondo received, yesterday, from Messrs. Stereotype & Binder, a check for \$1,750, representing the royalty on the sales of his book for the past quarter."

"Mr. Rondo has been invited to read extracts from 'Scents from Lotos Land before the Wednesday Morning Club, of Boston, at their next meeting."

One day a friend of Tom's entered a well-known restaurant, on Lafayette Place, and found the author toying with a brace of plovers and a bottle of yellow label.

"Hello ! How is the impecunious poet ?" he asked.

"Good morning. I'm glad to see you, Ned," Tom answered. "The impecunious poet is all right. Sit down and watch him eat."

"Genius and Luck is a good combination," remarked Ned, as he took a chair.

"No luck about it ; I played a system," retorted Tom.

"And the system won ? More remarkable still."

"I'll tell you about it. It was the magazines."

"The magazines ! What do you mean ? The stuff of yours I've seen in the magazines wouldn't push a root beer extract !"

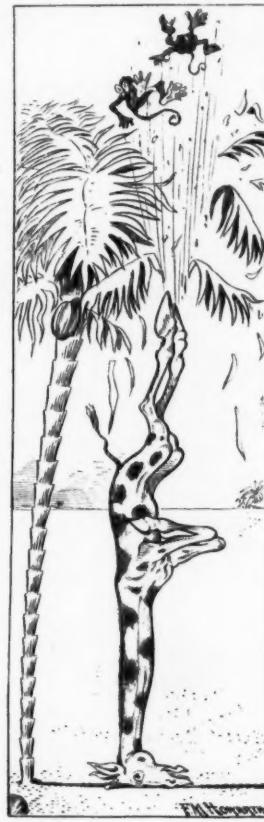
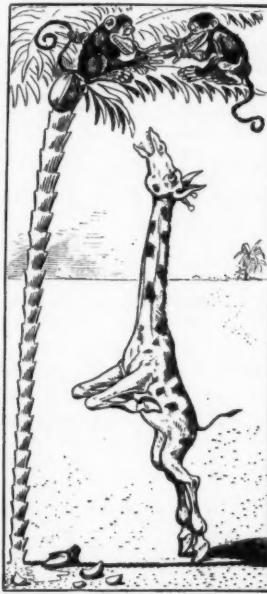
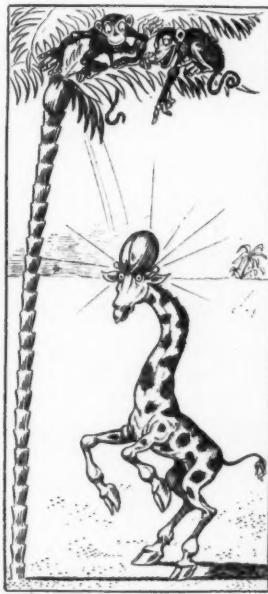
"That's the point, dear boy," said the poet as he called the waiter and ordered another bottle. "I contributed only to the leading magazines, and I soon found out that they invariably accepted the poorest poem out of each batch. When I tumbled to that, I sent them everything I wrote, and they weeded out the trash, and bought it.

The poems which had sustained five rejections I regarded as perfect, and laid aside. Then, when the day came, I published them, and—Here's to the health of the 25th Edition !"



REMORE.

"OI SAY, PARTRICK, AN' DO YEZ IVER DRAINE ?"
"ANDADE AN' OI DO THOT SAME. ONLY T'OTHER NOIGHT OI DRAMED OI WUZ WITH TH' POPE—AN' TH' POPE HE ASKED ME WUD OI DRINK. THINKS OI TO MESILF, WUD A DUCK SHWIM ? AN' SEEIN' TH' WHUSKY AN' TH' LEMONS AN' TH' SUGAR ON TH' SIDEBOARD, OI TOULD HIM OI DIDN'T CARE IF OI TOOK A DRAP IV PUNCH. 'HOT OR COLD ?' ASKED THE POPE. 'HOT, YER HOLINESS,' AN' BE THOT HE STEPPED DOWN INTO TH' KITCHEN FER TH' BILIN' WATHER, BUT BEFORE HE GOT BACK OI WOKE STRAIGHT UP, AN' IVER SINCE IT'S BIN A DIS-THRISSIN' ME THOT OI DIDN'T TAK' IT COWLD."



• LIFE •



ONE day, at Edinburgh, Lord Rosebery realized the disadvantage of owning swift horses. His brougham had met him at Waverly Station to take him to Dalmeny. Lord Rosebery opened the door of the carriage to put in some papers, and then turned away. The coachman, too well trained to look round, heard the door shut, and, thinking that his master was inside, set off at once. Pursuit was attempted, but what was there in Edinburgh streets could overtake those horses? The coachman drove seven miles, until he reached a point in the Dalmeny Parks where it was his lordship's custom to alight and open a gate. Here the brougham stood for some minutes, awaiting Lord Rosebery's convenience. At last the coachman became uneasy and dismounted. His brain reeled when he saw an empty brougham. He could have sworn to seeing his lordship enter. There were his papers. What had happened? With quaking hand, the horses were turned, and, driving back, the coachman looked fearfully along the sides of the road. He finally met Lord Rosebery traveling in great good humor by the omnibus.—*Argonaut*.

"Heah, you Silas," exclaimed the old colored woman to her husband, "take dis yer rabbit foot you gib me yistiddy fer luck. Tain' no good wha' sun never. It's jis bad, da's wha' t am."

"Sho nuff?" queried Silas, taking the talisman from her hand with a look of pained surprise on his old face.

"Co'se."

"I neber heered dat 'bout er rabbit foot befo'," asserted Silas. "What you been doin' wid hit, Mirandy?"

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"Noffin' tall. Dis mawnin' I taken my bes' dish ober to Miss Ellen's an' I trip de do' step an' fall down, an' plumb break dat dish in a dozen pieces."

"Hut yo'se'f, Mirandy?" inquired Silas, solicitously.

"No, I didn't," replied Mirandy, half crying over the loss of her dish.

"Co'se not," exclaimed Silas, triumphantly. "Ef you hadn't a had dat rabbit so wid you, you break dat brack neck ob yo's, sho, fallin' down dem do' steps. Heah, you take dis yer rabbit foot right back now, an' caihy hit wid you all de time. You don know nuffin' 'bout luck a 'tall, Mirandy, you doan," and Silas made her put it in her pocket.—*Detroit Free Press*.

MARY: That's a nice dog you've got, Jack.

JACK: Yes, but he's consumptive.

MARY: Consumptive? Why, how's that?

JACK: Spitz blood.—*Boston Budget*.

PROFESSOR ERADICATE: Can anyone in the audience tell me how many species snakes there are?

KEELIED: Yes, sir. Three million.

PROFESSOR ERADICATE: Correct, sir. But how do you know?

KEELIED: I have seen them all.—*Boston Courier*.

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"Workin' now, Pete!"

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